UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

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Louis L. Mann
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The Challenge to the Social Service Profession

By JOSEPH ERNEST McAFEE

George Washington in Germany

By THEODOR HAHN

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By W. FRANK SWIFT

"Best Friend of the Southern Negro—The Southern White Man"

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By META LILIENTHAL

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Open Letter to King George and President Hoover on Disarmament*

[From Our Special Correspondent]

As an Anglo-Saxon for 600 years—300 in America, 300 in England—I am impelled to address you openly on war (a crime) and disarmament (an absolute necessity). You are heads of practically all the peoples of earth, classed as Anglo-Saxon, under the names of Britain and America.

In the World's Conference for disarmament now in Geneva your governments play the controlling part. If something glorious and effective is not accomplished Britain and America will be to blame. This is *their hour* on the stage of human action. This opportunity may never return—probably not.

I appeal to you to act as great leaders. Your people will follow you in any high aim that has regard for the lives and fortunes of mankind.

For three months now I have been watching the preparations for the World's Conference; and for three weeks have attended all its sessions. I hear many voices, not all in unison. But I have heard one note from press, from pulpit, from delegates—one clear Voice saying, that if all nations would *totally disarm*, there would be universal peace and prosperity. I have been compelled to conclude that any measure short of total disarmament is an enemy of peace. We must not compromise with crime!

So, I appeal to you to instruct your delegates to stand for *total disarmament now!* What a leadership would be yours!

And, this would not be "utopian" if you led! Total disarmament is no more utopian than the Ten Commandments, the Golden Rule. All that is required is application. They work, if worked. And *total disarmament now* is less utopian than the Golden Rule.

1. *The People.* You heard the Voice that spoke at the wonderful mass-meeting on Saturday, Feb. 6th. That was broadcasted all over heaven! That Voice was the chorus of young men and women; of womanhood that spoke through millions of petitions from all over earth, from Canada to India; of the Church, of the Home, of the Workshop—and, it was unanimous and clear: No More War, Total Disarmament. If you fail to heed that Voice—it will mean despair and chaos, perhaps revolution.

2. *Denmark.* One gallant nation has already led the way, splendid example for others to follow.

3. *Russia.* The Russians through their spokesman have before declared that they were ready for total disarmament at once. This is the third time that total disarmament through the Russians has knocked distinctly at the door of world disarmament conferences. If Russia is not afraid, why should America and Bri-

*Copies of this letter were sent to one hundred delegates to the Disarmament Conference. —EDITOR.

(*Continued on page* 63)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CIX MONDAY, MARCH 28, 1932 Number 4

O God, I love Thee in the stars at night
Under the still eternity of sky;
Teach me to love Thee in the passer-by,
For Thou hast said that this is loving right.

I hear Thee in the stars whose silence sings,
And in the shout of dawn Thy voice I know;
Teach me to hear Thee in the joy and woe
Of men who speak of trivial earthly things.

I see Thee when the world is full of sleep
Walking upon the moon-path of the sea;
Teach me by all the tears of Calvary
To know Thee in the eyes of all that weep.

* * * * * *

There are so many things that I would say,
God, soul of beauty, teach me how to pray!

—Nada de Braganca.

With that incorrigible propensity to "extract sunshine from cucumbers," which is so characteristic of human nature, people everywhere throughout the world have greeted the results of the recent German election as a magnificent triumph for Hindenburg, Bruening, and the existing order. As a matter of fact, of course, they were nothing of the sort. The situation in the Reich today is seen to be more alarming than ever. In the first place, the mere fact that Hindenburg, an old man of 85, had to be drafted to run for the presidency as the sole condition of saving Germany from disruption, is of most sinister significance. When the fate of a country, a continent, perhaps a world, has to be suspended on the life of a single man who, in the natural course of events, cannot be expected to live and maintain actively as the head of the state but a few more years, things are pretty bad. The second significant and sinister fact is that President Von Hindenburg in a crisis of this magnitude, with all his enormous personal prestige, and with the full weight of the government behind him, could not array a half of the German voters on his side. He led the poll, but had only a minority total. Lastly, and most important, is the fact that Hitler, in the space of a little over a year, almost doubled the number of his voters. Thus, at the last election, the Reichstag election of 1930, the "Nazis" polled 6,400,000 votes, or 18½ per cent of the total vote cast, whereas this year they rolled up 11,328,571 votes, or 30 per cent of the total vote cast. A still more striking comparison is seen in the fact that, at the last presidential election, in 1925, the "Nazis" won less than a million votes in all. The one thing that impresses us in this election is that Hitler is marching right straight on. Yet this election did block the German Fascist! Everywhere last summer in Germany we were told that the grand upheaval would come in the early spring, with the presidential election. This prophecy was sound, except that nobody anticipated that Hindenburg would run again. The President's decision to stand for re-election introduced a new factor into the situation, and the result is Hitler's failure to gain control on schedule time. But the situation in itself remains unaltered, and developments promised months ago will yet come true, unless drastic economic changes are achieved in Europe. Walter Lippman, it seems to us, summed up the lesson of the German elections better than any one else. "It would be too much to say," is his word, "that liberal ideals are victorious or that reaction has been defeated. Rather one must say that liberalism in central Europe has been granted a reprieve.

The question of a boycott against Japan is a thorny one. The radical pacifist, opposed to the use of arms in this international extremity, and yet feeling that some concerted action must be taken by the nations to stay the bloody progress of the Asiatic conqueror, turns naturally to the idea of the boycott, if only because this is blessed by the august sanction of that greatest of all pacifists, Mahatma Gandhi. But does not this very argument from Gandhi prove the truth of the *New Republic's* contention that the boycott is an act of war? For—let us not try to disguise the fact!—the great Indian leader is waging war against the British Empire. It is not that he is not fighting, that the Mahatma is a pacifist. It is that, in his fighting, he chooses the weapon of non-violent non-cooperation (the boycott among other things!), instead of the weapon of sword and gun. Now does the West want to go to war with Japan in this sense of the word—to fight Nippon as Gandhi is fighting Britain? It is well for us to face this question—that we are choosing, in this boycott matter, not between the alternatives of war and peace, but between the weapons of violence or non-violence in a recognized state of war. Also the further question of the consequences of

our boycott war, so tragically stated by Jane Addams as starvation, misery, and death for millions of Japanese men, women and children as innocent of responsibility for the actions of the Mikado's war machine as the Europeans in 1914 were innocent of the actions of their governments' war machines! Gandhi faces the fact of these dread consequences in England, remembering that the great masses of his fellow-countrymen are nearer starvation through imperial exploitation than the Lancashire mill-workers can ever be through his boycott. Is this to be our policy and our resolve—war on Japan as Gandhi wages war on Britain? And if so, to what end? We put these questions at the moment, without answering them. For when we see the old League to Enforce Peace advocates shouting for the boycott, we feel the need of some clear thinking.

One of the things that never ceases to amaze us is the fact that men are always available for any job, no matter how treasonable or terrible. Here in Manchuria, for example, are Chinese leaders a-plenty to fill the civil offices in the satrapy just set up by the Japanese conquerors. These puppets are apparently eager to sell out their people in return for a little cash or honor. At the other end of the scale is the familiar rumor that assassins can be bought in any one of our American cities for a few hundreds of dollars. Whoever wants to do anything—murder a neighbor, betray a woman, kidnap a child, steal a province, declare a war—he can find all the agents he wants or needs for the performance of his dastardly business. What this means may well be an occasion of earnest speculation. The first thought is poverty, which we have long since discovered as the breeding-ground of most of our criminals. But outward conditions of economic distress do not explain the whole of this situation. Look, for example, at these traitorous Chinese officials in Manchuria, who begin with an emperor, and go right down through the ranks of the upper nobility. There is something more involved here than merely poverty. There are political and class rivalries, personal jealousies and hates, more than all things else a breakdown of moral standards and ideals. We are inclined to believe that this last is going to be regarded by the historians of the future as perhaps the one supremely dominant characteristic of this age. Here is a whole generation, the world around, which has neither morals nor religion. We thought for a time that science was destined to be a substitute for ethical training and spiritual aspiration. In this personal field, however, science accomplishes nothing. It supplies neither motives nor principles. It gives knowledge, and thus only equips the evil heart the more efficiently to do its work. Read William McDougal's recent book, "World Chaos," and see if we have not been betrayed by science. Remember the words of Woodrow Wilson (1907)—"You know that with all our teaching we train nobody; you know that with all our instructing we educate nobody."

The incidental and unintended consequences of events are among the most decisive influences with which we have to deal in society. The Lindbergh kidnapping case has probably set back the cause of the abolition of capital punishment for a generation. Indeed, this crime has set back for at least that period of time the whole movement for penal reform. Shocked by the sheer horror and brutality of this stealing of "the nation's child," aggravated also by the apparent helplessness of organized society in the face of so terrible an outrage, the public has been thrown back upon itself into a state of primitive rage and ferocity, which demands nothing but the satisfaction of vengeance. Another illustration of this same principle is found in the Japanese invasion of Manchuria and Shanghai. Who can estimate what effect this has had upon the proceedings of the Disarmament Conference at Geneva? The prospects for the success of this Conference were undoubtedly none too good in any case. But there was on the other hand a popular momentum behind the peace purposes of this international assembly which, coupled with the economic stress of the world, might have worked wonders. Then came the Sino-Japanese explosion! Japan had her own immediate and direct designs—but she indirectly achieved far-flung results which have probably wrecked the peace hopes of mankind for years to come. A supreme example of our thesis is of course the Russian revolution. This event was momentous enough in itself. But it was still more momentous in its remote consequences—so remote as to touch the farthest horizons of the globe and the most distant periods of the future. Man's life in the amplest ranges of both time and space was incalculably altered by the action of a group of workers in Petrograd in March, 1917. When an event breaks upon the world, no one can estimate what is really done for good or evil. The old metaphor of the stone cast into the pond still holds!

We don't see how they have the face to do it! We are referring to the newspapers, and their treatment of this unprecedented business depression. For two years, now, they have been chanting the song that prosperity is just around the corner. Read the headlines and you will discover that business is steadily improving. When the New Year came in, literally hundreds of miles of columnal space were used to paint rosy pictures of the days ahead. Stories of the recent annual automobile show in New York proclaimed that attendance figures broke all records, and buying was

much more brisk than last year (no attendance figures, of course, were published, and no evidence was presented of buying!). In fact, to read the newspapers from day to day, one would never imagine that the greatest financial collapse in modern history was full upon us. But now, having finished with the news columns in the front of the newspaper, let us turn to the specialized business and commercial reports in the back. The stock market quotations, for example! Everything down to figures that nobody had ever imagined were possible. The trade reviews! Everything dead, with no signs of resuscitation. The bank statements! Not a bad showing, except for the daily accounts of ten, a dozen, twenty banks which closed their doors yesterday. The unemployment figures! A steady rise, to a total higher than the skies. These back pages, in other words, which tell the exact facts for expert readers, belie everything that is printed in the front pages for general readers. How do the newspapers have the face to do it? We can only surmise that they play safe on the supposition that the public, either expert or general, never reads both parts of the paper. The average man reads the murder stories and sports news, and then is through. The broker reads the market quotations and the sports news, and then turns to other things. The front and back pages of the newspaper, in other words, are worlds as far apart as East and West. Few readers ever know them both. And few editors, for that matter!

The death by suicide of Ivar Kreuger, the Swedish "match king," leaves us completely unmoved, except as we shudder at the type of civilization which produces such men, and makes them rich and powerful. The newspapers described Kreuger as "an industrialist and banker," one of "the most forceful characters in international post-war finances," etc., etc. They reported that Wall Street was "stunned" by the news of this man's passing, that the King of Sweden called his death "a national calamity," that the exchanges of the world were shaken and the Swedish parliament called in special session. All of which reminds us of the excitement which followed the death of the German, Hugo Stinnes, and, later, the sudden death of the Belgian, Alfred Loewenstein! These men were all of a single type, and ran for a few hectic years the same kind of a career. They began to get rich after the World War, fattening with wealth while Europe starved and shivered amid its ruins. Their financial tentacles, reaching across the borders of states, drew in countless industrial interests and activities. Money in due course brought power, and these men became more important than the governments they pretended to serve. They were hailed as the master-minds of the time, since they could rise to dominance on the wreckage of men and nations. Of course, in reality, Hugo Stinnes, Alfred Loewenstein, and Ivar Kreuger were nothing but gamblers, as ruthless and unscrupulous as any card-sharp who ever sat by the green cloth. More accurately, they were racketeers—big racketeers at the top to match the little racketeers at the bottom—both produced by the same forces of demoralization that followed upon the War. The frightful thing to realize is that this racketeering corruption ran through the entire organism of our society, and still infects it in all its parts. Men of the Kreuger type have never served a useful purpose, nor done a generous deed. They have no culture, no public spirit, no idealism. They exist solely for themselves—to exploit mankind in their own exclusively selfish interest. Yet they so perfectly match our society that, when they die, they shake its structure to the foundations. And it is this society, the plaything of these high class racketeers, which we expect to survive!

The Challenge to the Social Service Profession

All over the United States, among professional social workers, among municipal and other governmental administrations, throughout the citizenship generally, the principle has now been accepted that no resident of an American community shall be permitted to starve. Questions of personal thrift or of industry, of permanence of residence, of previous economic status, of "worthiness," and considerations of any other purport, take secondary rank. The primary question is "Is this individual hungry and without resources?" If so, the responsibility of the community to provide food is accepted.

Manifestly a responsibility so sweeping and uncompromising may not properly be left to haphazard methods and the voluntary activities of charity societies. Economy and efficiency demand systematic and unfailing provision for the discharge of this responsibility day in and day out, year in and year out, in seasons of relative prosperity and in seasons of unemployment and economic depression. Need is the test and the only primary test. Causes for the need are to be dealt with after the need has been met, and not reckoned as a condition of granting or withholding the food supply.

The greatest single cause for industrial and social inefficiency, the greatest single breeder of mental disorders, the greatest single social bane of modern society is hunger-fear, anxiety lest food fail and destitution overwhelm the worker and his dependents.

Correspondingly the social measure of farthest-reaching significance, and of most constructive social import is the complete and final banishment of that

fear. Incumbent upon governmental administrations and the members of the social service profession is the devising of a system of rationing which shall at one stroke forever abolish this fear and discharge this now accepted social responsibility. It is not for a non-technician commentator to propose the technique by which this is to be achieved. The conscience and conviction of American society have spoken out of the present economic depression in unmistakable terms. Want and the fear of it must be forever banished from every individual's experience in the community. The technician has his orders. It is for him to devise the way, dictated by the highest social and economic efficiency.

It follows that each adult brought to destitution, and become the charge of the community's rationing system, shall at once be recognized as a candidate for re-education. It is manifest that the productive process for which he was originally trained has failed him. The community no longer wants what he has to offer seriously enough to support him in supplying it. He may not have had the native talents to justify his entrance upon his profession or trade or calling. Educators responsible for the training of the young may have made a mistake and victimized him and the community with a false training. Or, social conditions may have changed since he entered upon his calling. The community may no longer require the service for which he is trained and may by its neglect to support him with employment indicate this change in its demands.

Whatever be the cause for his unemployment and non-support, whether it lies in the individual himself or in social conditions, he is to be recognized as a candidate for re-education; he must become a producer whom the community by the operation of the laws of supply and demand shall willingly support.

It is assumed that we are dealing with relatively normal individuals and normal conditions. The glutted public institutions for the insane, for the incorrigible, for criminals, are all too conclusive evidence that the community has accepted responsibility for the care of these. Inmates of these institutions are not only rationed but in some states are given a meticulous care which rivals if it does not surpass the community's educational provision for its normal youth.

Indeed, one of the glaring anomalies of our social procedure has been a studied coldness or indifference to the necessities of the orderly destitute, whereas when the destitute runs amuck, attacks the community in any one of a dozen ways, falls a victim to a disordered mind, he is promptly housed and habited and regularly rationed in public institutions of ever-increasing size and public expense.

Although the present depression has clinched the principle that the hungry shall be fed because they are hungry and destitute, there still lingers in many minds the belief that the hunger-fear serves an essential social purpose, and that without its incessant spur our population will lapse into a horde of ne'er-do-wells and sleek tramps. What becomes of the sacred formula, "he who will not work neither shall he eat"?

It is sufficient to point out that no civilized community longer acts upon that formula. Indeed, under our elaborate system of public institutions it has come about that those in the population who are surest of their daily bread are precisely those who stubbornly refuse to work, who resist attempts to incorporate them in the community's orderly processes of production. The inmates of prisons and of hospitals for the mentally disordered know that food will be forthcoming, however skimp and inconsequential may be their daily labors.

The hunger-fear is not the incentive to the creation of values which civilized society holds in high esteem. It is essentially brutal and brutalizing. Its complete and final abolition will release social energies ennobling to society. Civilized man does not work to lofty purposes because he is afraid he will starve. Completely remove that fear and he will work with ever deeper devotion and nobler purpose.

A frank recognition that our society has taken this step, and the installation of an efficient and comprehensive program by the social service profession and by public administrations designed to make good the decision, will enormously simplify our social problems. It will half empty our public institutions of certain classifications. The indirect effect upon crime and the criminal class will be even more profound than the direct. The rectification of mental disorders in their incipient stages will be electric. The simplification of the social worker's "case work" and "family rehabilitation" will be revolutionary.

Indeed, the social service profession will be reorganized and its functions will be recast. Transformed into a competent corps of adult-educators their service will become immeasurably more socially valuable than can ever be the utmost refinement of the complicated and diffusive "case work" which the profession now so intemperately sanctifies.

Most of our communities face another season of wholesale care of the destitute. The highest degree of economic recovery which the most imaginative may predict will not forestall this certainty. No time should be lost by the social service profession in installing a system of rationing for the destitute which shall substitute real economy and efficiency for the wasteful, humiliating, haphazard methods of "charity" which have so far prevailed all too generally throughout the present depression.

JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE.

Jottings

The Japanese atrocities gouge out women's eyes instead of cutting off their breasts, according to the stories now drifting into our newspapers. Well, variety must be the spice of life to propaganda as well as to everything else!

Henry Ford announces that, single-handed, he is going to stop the depression by mass production of cars. Mr. Ford is the same man, it will be remembered, who undertook, single-handed, to stop the War by sending his peace ship to Europe.

The center of population in New York City has just been located at Calvary Memorial Cemetery. This seems reasonable in view of speeding automobiles, bandits, racketeers and other delightful features of metropolitan life.

Why cannot Britain read the future of India in the history of Ireland, and thus spare mankind endless suffering and bloodshed? For six hundred years, Britain tried to conquer the Irish, and failed. Then at last she confessed defeat, and established the Free State as a dominion inside the Empire. Now De Valera has gained power, and has already begun the work of establishing the Republic. As with Erin, so with India! Eventually—why not now?

On the day this note is written, Mme. Naidu became the head of the All-India National Congress. On the day this note will be read, Mme. Naidu will be in prison.

DEFINITIONS: (6) *Treaty:* A promise between nations made to be broken.

J. H. H.

George Washington in Germany

[From Our Special Correspondent]

The year 1932 may truly be said to be an anniversary year. That is, when we consider the number of days in its calendar which will be celebrated in various countries and by various groups of people as commemorative days. May we hope that for real achievement along many lines future generations will have red letter days to record for happenings in 1932! It is not necessary to here mention the many names whose memories are to be honored. Two names, however, stand out as representing the pinnacle of achievement in two countries, the United States and Germany,—the names of George Washington and Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. These two men were for a great part of their lives contemporaries, and each represented the typical quality of his own country. Goethe was primarily a man of thought, Washington a man of action. These two genii seem to symbolize the essence of the two continents.

Goethe once said in effect that America is better off than Europe, because it has no castles, etc. Goethe recognized the hindrances that hamper a nation with traditions. Washington voiced a similar thought when he warned his newly-born nation to avoid "entangling alliances."

The memory of George Washington was celebrated to a very large extent in Germany on the anniversary of his birth. All the leading newspapers brought out articles bearing on the various phases of his career and therefore varied in character, but nearly all called attention to his warning against "entangling alliances," drawing therefrom the conclusion that it would have been better for Germany, and possibly for the whole of Europe, if the United States had followed this warning.

However, no nation can live to itself, especially not in an age in which time and space have been annihilated. None knew this better than Washington's successor in the Presidential chair many generations later, and I should like to call attention to the fact that shortly before the end of the war Wilson said that only alliances entangle which are restricted and limited, but that alliances which are all-inclusive and have a common purpose for public good are not only desirable but necessary. In this sense Woodrow Wilson laid down his plan for the League of Nations, to which, unfortunately, his own country never subscribed. Would it not be a most fitting way in which to celebrate the memory of George Washington for the people of the United States to ponder upon these words of Wilson?

In many German cities special celebrations were held in honor of the first president of the United States. In Berlin a city square was named in his honor, Washington Platz. In Stuttgart a library of American books was presented to the College of Technology, the donation of both Germans and Americans. An honorary degree was conferred upon the American Ambassador, Mr. Sackett, by the University of Tübingen. An opera by an American composer had its initial performance in Freiburg in honor of Washington, even though the libretto of the play does not treat of him. The Hamburg-American Line had a picture of Washington (a reproduction of the Stuart portrait) exhibited in each of its branch offices. These are but a few of the outer evidences that show how keenly the Germans are interested in American affairs. It proves once more that the spiritual values of one country are also the inheritance of all other nations.

THEODOR HAHN.

Heilbroun, Germany

Can I Ever Be An American?

Unless I am prepared to swear, without qualification, my willingness to take up arms in defense of the country I cannot become an American citizen. But I am not willing to engage myself, in advance, to take part in any or all of the wars in which the United States may, in the future, become involved. I am so impracticable as to believe that war can never be morally justified, and to deny that it can be of permanent benefit to any nation. I am so foolish as to take seriously an American-made "Outlawry of War" Pact, and will not be a party to a criminal cause. Therefore I must remain an alien!

My English-born family is very glad about it. They never could understand why "anyone born a subject of the greatest empire the world has known, upon whose flag the sun never sets, should desire to change his allegiance to a lesser breed!" But I argued that when residing in a country and earning one's living there, one should want to identify oneself with the nation's life, should desire to take on the burdens, as well as the privileges, of responsible citizenship. My brothers countered with the statement that lots of people, especially Britishers, live permanently in foreign countries without giving up their national loyalties. Then came the case of Mme. Schwimmer, followed by the Macintosh and Bland cases, and my English brothers, knowing my pacifistic sentiments, smiled, in fact they chuckled with undisguised glee. The U. S. Supreme Court, in denying citizenship to Professor Macintosh, maintained that individual conscience, religious conviction, or philosophical opinion could not be permitted to take precedence over an "unqualified allegiance to the nation and submission and obedience to the laws of the land, as well as those made for war as those made for peace." And yet Professor Macintosh was really quite accommodating. He was willing to support good, just or holy wars, merely retaining to himself the right to refuse, in the light of God and his conscience, to engage in a bad war. But for me, there are no good wars. Believing in the sanctity of all human life without exception, I cannot take any part in the brutish massacres of modern warfare, which destroy not only human lives and property but all moral values also. I will not fight in any war, consequently, I cannot become an American.

I did so want to be an American, especially during the first year or two after my entrance. With a great enthusiasm I merged myself into American city life. Evidences of actual democracy were palpable on every hand. Perfect strangers addressed me as "Bud"; once a saleslady called me "dearie." It was grand; you could get at people; they were accessible; they didn't perch up on pedestals nor hold you off with forbidding hauteur. A friendly generous people, whom you could like and whose eager hospitality you could enjoy. Yes, I liked the democratic way. Then the efficiency of the country was amazing. Such consideration for convenience and cleanliness! Little paper cups from which to drink ice-water on the trains; free toothpicks in all the restaurants; shoe-shine parlors where everything but your underwear could be renovated and rejuvenated in a few minutes! But the energy of the country was the most astonishing thing. Skylines rising, changing before your very eyes. I wanted to be a part of the whirling wonder of the American scene. I began the Americanization process in the usual way by learning the language. I carefully concealed my English accent and cultivated a certain amount of slang. I proceeded to graduate from two American colleges, and studied in the graduate department of three other universities. I took out my "first papers" by renouncing all foreign princes and potentates. I paid income tax and married an American girl. Then my citizenship ambitions were fatally frustrated. I began to think, and thinking, you know, makes people strange. It was Chicago that caused it. At that time William Hale Thompson was running a ballyhoo mayoralty campaign with the crusading slogan, "Keep King George's snoot out of Chicago." I had seen King George but never his "snoot." Naturally I was eager to observe it in Chicago. Persistent searching revealed no trace of a royal "snoot." I was disappointed; my expectations had been cheated. Mayor Thompson aroused my distrust. To a naive stranger the conduct of an exalted "first citizen" of the second city of the continent was shocking in the extreme. Could elected officials, the choice of the people, misuse their power to sway public opinion and support by such arrant nonsense? Did 100 per cent Americanism mean playing on old national prejudices and inflaming crude passions in the interests of entrenched privilege? It was as obvious as it was successful. Then there was a newspaper styling itself "the world's greatest," that boosted circulation and advertising receipts upon a transparent policy of jingoistic sword-rattling. Upon me such crude attempts at crowd control only acted as contra-suggestion. Surely such methods were confined to the United States and were symptoms of a youthful excess. Obviously it must be different among the cultured nations of the old world. I investigated and found that it wasn't different in the old world, it was just the same, or worse because more cynical. Perhaps we had all been deceived in the last war; perhaps our sturdy virtues had been exploited, our righteous indignation evoked, our cherished ideals harnessed by deliberate propaganda pumped into us, like a serum, for the purpose of muddling our minds and addling our judgment until we were frothy for fighting. The suspicion grew into the conviction that we had been victimized by deliberate calculation. Norman Angell, Arthur Ponsonby, H. D. Lasswell and others confirmed this conclusion by factual evidence. One resents being deceived by one's trusted leaders, and I felt a burning sense of shame at the recollection of how my sincerest impulses had been exploited. For I had once been a very ardent militarist. In England, during the war, I cursed the fate that had delayed my birth until I was too young to fight. I blood-lusted with the rest, and even joined the Royal Air Force at the age of seventeen in order to assist in raining lead from heaven. It wasn't my fault if the Armistice came before I could get at the war. As for Conscientious Objectors, they were contemptible idiots. My conversion from militarism to pacifism was a gradual affair, but I like to reflect, in view of the fact that I can never become a voter, that my conversion took place entirely on American soil and under American influences. Entering the country believing in war and willing to fight, I learned from admired American teachers, public leaders and writers to hate war and gained courage to

refuse to bear arms. It seems somewhat ironical to reflect that the Americans who have taught me the best things I know, who have educated my sentiments and broadened my sympathies, are the very cause of my remaining an alien in the land. If I will repress my deepest convictions, if I will blind myself to the evil of war, if I will agree to take up arms without qualification, then I can be welcomed as a citizen. But not otherwise.

I had no hatred against the military-minded people. I thought I could understand them and their motives. Certainly most of them are conscientious men who can honestly justify their attitudes. I simply thought they were mistaken and out-moded. They are unconscious victims of training and indoctrination in a policy which is primitively archaic and ought to be superseded by a more enlightened one. Because they are hopelessly crystalized they cannot be expected to lead us into newer ways of international co-operation. The futility of the Disarmament Conference of 1927, when a group of naval officers met to perform what was, for them, two contradictory tasks, namely, to reduce the power of navies, and, at the same time, to maintain their own nation's prestige, led me to question the practical wisdom of employing navy men in the interests of peace. A group of us, students in a middle-western college, were quite disgusted at the naval conference farce. We felt called upon to announce our distrust of military maneuvres at Geneva in forcible terms. Eight of us drew up a declaration which we signed and issued to the press as follows:

> We, the undersigned, being finally convinced by the failure of the Geneva Conference (1927) that the effort to abolish the crime of war between nations by the customary means of parleys between naval and military experts representing the various governments is utterly futile, hereby declare ourselves to be opposed to all wars of whatever nature, and hereby pledge ourselves, solemnly and sincerely, to take no part in any future wars no matter what their real or ostensible purpose may be.

The response was entertaining. "*Schön ist die Jugendzeit,*" wrote one skeptic. "Boats, with steam up, are leaving every hour for those who don't like the country," declared a fellow student. But we who had declared our resolution felt stronger.

Science, being unconcerned with applications, may be used for good or ill. Nevertheless, when a relatively important scientist like Albert Einstein came out openly for individual war-resistance we felt confirmed and sustained. He spoke knowing words to the little group of us who interviewed him on board the S. S. Deutschland when he said:

> Various conferences show that governments either are not willing or not able to proceed in the matter of disarmament as we would like them to. The people themselves must express themselves to be effective. They must create interest in their cause. I am convinced that refusal to do military service will get us furtherest toward our end.

Another Jew, quite a long time back, declared that peacemakers were blessed; but he had such exceptional insight that even his followers haven't caught up with him yet.

We all live by hope, and one of the hopes by which many of us are living is that eventually the minority opinion of the Supreme Court in the Macintosh-Bland case may eventually prevail. Already there are gleams in that direction. Senator Cutting, of New Mexico, is sponsoring an amendment to the Naturalization Law which will provide that no qualified alien shall be denied citizenship by reason of his refusal on conscientious grounds to bear arms or otherwise participate in war. Congressman Griffin, of New York, has a bill in committee to provide that religious views or philosophical opinions against war shall not debar aliens, otherwise qualified, from citizenship. The Griffin Bill is having difficulties and meeting with determined opposition from representatives of numerous patriotic societies. At its first hearing before the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization Mr. Griffin had not completed his introduction, and no other speaker had been heard, when R. A. Green (Florida) rose to say:

> I am willing to hear members of Congress on anything, because they represent constituencies; but for continuing this hearing, which has its root, and its feet, and which will eventually work to encourage sovietism, socialism, and communistic tendencies, Government debauching, law-destroying un-Americanism, giving vent to cowardice and the tearing down of all things that mean American freedom and liberty, I am not willing to sit here any further; and I desire to move that the hearing close *sine die* as far as this committee is concerned.

The hearing continued, but it is not recorded whether Mr. Green learned of the differences between socialism and communism, or that communism and pacifism are inimical. At the resumed hearings on January 26 and 27, a clergyman from Illinois asserted that aliens seeking citizenship without promising to bear arms "should be put on the spot." Representative Johnson, of Washington, said the bill would admit "the riff-raff of Europe," thereby confusing the naturalization issue with that of immigration, and he demanded of naturalized citizens promises not extracted from native born—a direct affront to the spirit of the Constitution.

Perhaps I have only known the better element among the "riff-raff," but the foreigners I have known came to these shores full of rosy expectation, and they were wedded in spirit to the destiny of America before they ever took up residence. They were lured from an ancient and much loved homeland by the attraction of boundless opportunity in the "new world." And the opportunity which they sought was by no means always that of material advancement. Often their quest was for spiritual freedom, personal integrity, democratic fellowship or educational growth. It may not be true of all, but my contention is that the majority of immigrants are prepared, by their own bright hopes, to love and serve the country of their deliberate choice if their hopes are not frustrated by lack of understanding on the part of the official representatives of the nation. My faith in America is such that I believe that eventually its own constitutional "Bill of Rights" will be actualized, and that the lovely gesture known as the "Briand-Kellogg Treaty" will be observed as a serious reality. Perhaps the present efforts of true-minded liberals to safeguard the sanctity of religious and ethical scruples will meet with a deserved success. If this should happen, then peace-loving resident aliens may not have to say to their children: "No, children, your parents are not Americans, because they believe that warfare is foolish and wasteful; they believe that peoples ought to be able to live together in a peaceful and friendly way, and because they believe these things they cannot become American citizens."

W. Frank Swift.*

*Leader of the Ethical Culture Society, Boston, Massachusetts.

"Best Friend of the Negro—The Southern White Man"

That is what Edwin R. Embree, the President of the Rosenwald Fund, is reported to have said when dedicating the five thousandth Rosenwald School for Negroes, and in the state of Virginia. Of course, Virginia is a good place in which to say things like that: they like to hear that in Virginia. But that does not make it a true saying. An African who was recently visiting Virginia, told them the plain truth; that Africa should be sending missionaries to Virginia, instead of the reverse. The Virginians did not like to hear that—and so they immediately proceeded to prove the truth of what the African had said by resorting to violence and driving him out of their state.

Now, there is no doubt about it, that Mr. Rosenwald was one of the Negro's best friends; and the writer of this criticism has no doubt that Mr. Embree is a very good friend to the Negro, for we have met and talked with both of these gentlemen and have heard them talk to others. Mr. Rosenwald proved his friendship by more than five thousand important acts, which are the only proof of friendship. And Mr. Embree has done, and will do, many acts of friendship toward Negroes.

But even one's best friends may make big mistakes, sometimes in their very zeal of benevolence. Mr. Embree is simply mistaken when he says, unqualifiedly, that the southern whites are the Negro's "best friends." What he probably meant is, that the southern white man has the best opportunity, of all the white people in America, to be the best friend to the American Negro: he has more Negroes at his very door than has any other white man; he has been better and longer served by the Negro than has any other; there is a better natural basis for understanding between him and this Negro, than between this Negro and any other large group of whites; and there are more and later blood-relationships between the southern white man and the southern Negro, than between this Negro and his African cousins. Certainly these two groups representing their different races, have the best opportunity of any white and black groups to be friends,—and the best reasons so to be.

But are they? That is another question. Nothing but a plain idiot would accept lynching, segregation, disfranchisement, and nearly every other known method of tyranny and social torture, as acts of "friendship." Why did not Mr. Embree, facing this southern audience of whites and blacks, speak the simple truth and say: You have the finest opportunity of any members of your respective races to be friends, real friends, and why do you not make the most of that opportunity?

Has Mr. Embree weighed the necessary and logical implications of his declaration that southern whites are the Negro's "Best friends"? That plainly implies that the Negro should do what the southern whites (his best friends) advise him to do. Certainly a man can heed the advice and wishes of his best friends. Mr. Embree might as well have stood there and said: Black men, do as your "best friends" advise: accept segregation, disfranchisement, economic subordination, and be content with from one-tenth to one-fifth of your just share of public educational funds.

For Mr. Embree will not dare to pretend not to know that the average southern white heartily desires for the Negro: segregation, jim-crowism, non-participation in government and schooling of a lower grade than that for white people. And Mr. Embree's declaration implies, plainly, that the Negro is unwise in not accepting the advice and heeding the dearest wishes of his "best friends"; and that those who urge the Negro not to accept these limitations and this inferior status, are his worst enemies. About 99 out of every 100 of the Negro's "best friends" were, and are, opposed to a federal anti-lynching law; and at least 99 out of every 100 Negroes were in favor of it. Isn't the Negro a mulish animal to be so diametrically opposed to the judgment and wishes of his best friends? There is something radically wrong with the Negro,—or something radically wrong with that declaration of Embree's.

But perhaps that is a mistake of the heart, made because of the earnest desire of Mr. Embree that these people should be friends. But the other mistake which Mr. Embree made on the same occasion, is a much worse mistake: it is a mistake of the head. It is a mistake in economics, in history, in fact; and it is the most dangerous of all the mistakes. Nobody can ever fool a jim-crowed and mobbed Negro into believing that the snob and the mob are his "best friends." Therefore it does no harm for such pleasant things to be said to the Negro, or very little harm. But Mr. Embree might fool a lot of people when he says: That the men who were "once masters" are (or ever have been as a class) supporting "hospitals and schools for people who were once their slaves," and "with their own tax money." Then he proceeded to tell how, out of $25,000,000 used to build these Rosenwald schools, $14,000,000 came "out of tax money." Which context would leave a very clear impression upon the minds of the thoughtless that these generous ex-masters had given fourteen millions of "their own tax money" to support Negro education. Who in the world *pays* the taxes, for example, in Mississippi? Because the white man there is the sole "tax-collector" is no logical reason for supposing that he is the sole tax-payer. In fact, his advantages as "collector" and sole controller of the taxes are proof sufficient to those who know this world, that he will not do all of his share of the "paying" and that he is likely to get more than his share of the tax-benefits. That is what has happened in the matter of southern education for Negroes and whites, for over fifty years, and even our enthusiastic philanthropists ought to know it: the southern white man has paid as taxes a smaller proportion of his wealth than the Negro has paid, and the white man has received for his own education a much larger percentage of what he has paid than has the Negro of what the Negro has paid. *And if this were not true, there would never have been any need for Rosenwald schools especially for southern Negroes.* The "tax money" diverted to assist Mr. Rosenwald in building southern schools for Negroes represents only a part of the Negro's just share of the public school funds withheld from his children and given to the whites.

No man who knows anything about it ought ever to be excused for even intimating that there has been the slightest charity or "philanthropy" in any southern appropriation for Negro education, so far, from the public funds. And that is the sort of talk that is dangerous, for even many honest-minded but unedu-

cated southern white people will be led to think that they have been really "generous" to the Negro in the matter of his public schools and other education. The plain truth is all that will save us in the end. God save us from the righteous zeal of some of our friends, who allow their wishes to father their illogical conclusions.

WILLIAM PICKENS.

My Religious Experiences

Mine was the rather uncommon experience of growing up without any religion.

My father had been born and bred an orthodox Jew and my mother had been educated in the Protestant faith, with religion playing a large role in her education; but both had put religion entirely out of their lives. They were not only non-religious, they were decidedly anti-religious, because their early experiences had led them to regard religion as a fetter to mind and soul, as a thing of intolerance, as a set of rigid dogmas and meaningless rituals. The fact that both their families had violently opposed their union had only served to strengthen their antagonism to their early creeds, and so they started out in life together asserting: "we are neither Christian nor Jew; we are just human."

This "Humanism" that sprang from their own experiences found strength and encouragement in the spirit of the age during which they were young. Science was celebrating its early triumphs. Astronomy, geology, biology and anthropology were revealing new and undreamed of wonders. Into the revelations of science my parents flung themselves with ardent minds. Science for them, as for many of their contemporaries, took the place from which religion had been cast out. Darwin became the high priest of this scientific faith and the theory of evolution superseded the Bible. In the possession of knowledge, which they believed to be absolute, they found a spiritual satisfaction which required no faith.

When I, their child, came into their lives it was self-understood for them that I was not to be burdened with religion; that outworn dogmas, "religious fairy-tales" and the intolerance of sect and creed were not to hamper my mental development. So it came about that I grew up without any religion; that I never saw the inside of a church until I was in my teens; that I never read the Bible until I was a mature person. Yet the ethical values that we usually associate with religion were not lacking in my education. The religion of Thomas Paine, "to do good," was the accepted one in my parental home. To be just and kind, to love and serve one's fellowmen, to be fearless and consistent in the adherence to one's ideals—these were among my earliest lessons. Indeed, as I look back today across the vista of half a century, I know that my Jewish, atheist father was the best Christian I have ever known.

How is it that despite my non-religious environment, and despite the fact that my childhood was a completely and unforgettably happy one, I became aware of a religious hunger very early in life and developed an essentially religious nature? I have often pondered the question and failed to find an answer. For years, occupied with other, more immediate things, I have put it from my mind. But today I have come to the conclusion that religion is a deep and crying human need; that the human soul craves religion in one form or another as it craves companionship and love.

When I was a small child I wanted to believe in God. I was envious of my playmates who went to church and Sunday school. I believed that if there were a God it must be possible to find him inside the portals of those stately edifices where people went to sing and pray. When someone told me that God was not inside the church but up in heaven, I began to turn my searching eyes upward. From the window of my bedroom and from the park where I played, on bright winter mornings, on tranquil summer afternoons, in the glory of sunset skies and under threatening clouds rumbling with thunder, I would stand and walk with my head bent back, searching for a glimpse of God. I was about eleven years old when I began to try personal communication with the deity. Kneeling by the window in a darkened room, I would pray ardently, passionately, for a revelation: "Dear God, give me a sign; send a thunder-bolt out of a clear sky or let a northern light flash up suddenly, while I am praying, and I will believe in thee forever and ever. Amen." But the sign never came, and gradually I gave up praying.

Then came the years when a young person is not interested in anything so much as in himself. Studies, ambitions, hopes and dreams, friendships, young love and the sheer exuberance of youth and health made the here and now seem all important and pushed religion into the background. Gradually I accepted the faith of my parents and turned to the wonders of science for the revelation of life, glad of the possession of an unbiased mind and that I was not burdened with any creed. Yet my religious hunger was never appeased. Ever and again I experienced moments of deep religious fervor, of humble, reverent worshipping before an eternal, unknown, unrevealed power behind the mysteries of life. The glamour of a radiant sunset, the mystic loveliness of a star-lit summer's night, the coming of spring and the birth of a child, they invariably stirred in me feelings of adoration, and often I clasped my hands instinctively, as in prayer, and whispered: "how wonderful is thy world!" There also were brief, unforgettable experiences—standing upon a lofty mountain peak with the world at my feet, witnessing a total eclipse of the sun—when for fleeting seconds I felt myself in the presence of God.

It was not until I was past middle age and had long since abandoned any conscious religious quest, contented to be, like Abou Ben Adhem, just "one who loves his fellowmen," when I simply, naturally and unexpectedly found my religious allegiance. It was in a new home, among new friends and co-workers, that I met the minister of a progressive church. He did not interest me in the least as a minister but because he pursued the same humanitarian ideals that I was pursuing and stood, consistently and fearlessly, for progressive and often unpopular causes. As a courtesy I went to his church to hear him preach and immediately became fascinated, not so much by the words that were spoken upon that particular Sunday morning, but by the atmosphere that pervaded the church, by the faith—or rather the absence of any rigid faith—

that this congregation accepted. I had never expected a church to be like this. It was so utterly different from the narrow dogmatism that I had been taught to identify with churches, so remote from the intolerance of sect and creed that had caused my parents to renounce all religion. Here was freedom of the mind and freedom of the soul; here was respect and friendliness for those of other faith; here was room for all to worship God as they would, no matter whether their's was the intensely personal God of the Old Testament or the impersonal God of the modern philosophers. Here, above all, was very little concern with the hereafter and a great deal of concern with all endeavors to make the earthly life a better, richer, happier one for all mankind. In this simple, dignified church, with the sunlight streaming through its ivy-framed windows, I found myself able to recapture, week after week, moments of that deep religious fervor that I had known on mountain tops, 'neath sunset skies and star-lit nights. I learned to discard entirely for the hour of worship all things petty and trivial, all thoughts and cares of every day life, and to refresh body and soul with a pure joy of the spirit. One thing I also experienced, happily and gratefully, that I had never known before, and that was the companionship of worship. All my high moments of religious feeling had been lived in solitude; I had, indeed, concealed them from my environment as if they were something of which to be ashamed. Now the expression of the long repressed religious element of my nature was given free play in an environment created for the purpose, among fellow human beings who were glad to worship with me. It was like a liberation of the soul, like a haven of rest after long wanderings, like a late found happiness.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about my acquired faith is that it did not make any noteworthy difference in my general attitude toward life, in that what the Germans call "Weltanschauung." I have as little fear of hell and am as little concerned with heaven as I was during my non-religious years. I continue to regard Jesus, not as a deity, but as a great spiritual teacher and leader, as a source of strength and inspiration now and for all time to come. I believe, as I always did, that the chief expression of religion lies, not in church attendance or in the confession of faith, but in leading a worthy life, consecrated to love and service. I never could, and cannot today, believe in a personal God, visualized, like the "Lord" of "Green Pastures," as a venerable and loveable old gentleman. To me God is the incomparable beauty of the world we live in; the eternal mystery and wonder of creation; the strength and order that stands behind the whirling of suns and planets through immeasurable space; the unsolved riddle that confronts the scientists, no matter how many riddles they believe they have solved. The idea of a life after death appeals to me, as it did to all mortals of all times. Life is so sweet! Who would not wish it to go on? Who would not wish to meet again the loved ones he has lost? But the idea does not withstand the analysis of my reason. We little humans on this small, terrestrial ball seem too unimportant in the gigantic scheme of the universe to be endowed with immortality. Moreover, what greater right have I to a life beyond death than has my faithful dog, who has filled his place on earth as well as I have mine? What greater right than the bird who before my window is warbling his hymn of praise? What greater right than the butterfly hovering above the roses, whose very existence, from the ugly caterpillar, through the immovable chrysalis to the exquisite winged being, is a proclamation of God's unending miracles? No—I do not believe in a life after death, and yet I would not absolutely deny its possibility. So much is true that seemed impossible! If there is a hereafter, in God's own time we all shall know. If there isn't, at least I hope to have contributed my mite toward making our earthly life for those who will come after us a little more like the paradise of which we dream.

META LILIENTHAL.

To One Who Has Passed

First Thought

I saw Death stretch forth his hand
And take my well-beloved
Beyond my reach;
And leave to earth but a garment.

Second Thought

Yet, I can hear the silent lips
Telling a deeper longing;
And I can see the eyes of love
Demanding their answer.

Third Thought

You have *not* perished:
For if you were as sod,
I could not call
To unanswerable clay,
As I call to you now.

Fourth Thought

And I know that before
I, too, shall cross Life's bridge,
I shall feel your heart enfold me,
Even as your arms enfolded me
Yesterday.

MARIE FALCONER

Three Cinquains

(1) Bird of Prey

The plane
Sweeps by on wings,
Like some great bird of doom
Whose talons make an idle sport
Of death.

(2) Love

The light
Of peace shall come
Upon this changing world,
When love shall wipe all peace-courts
From the earth.

(3) Red Pottage

Hard times
Should make a man
Beware of foolish ways,
Think twice before he sells his soul
For fun.

EDNA AUGUSTA MOORE.

New Endowment

When king shall right the wrong of serf,
And serf meet king with head unbowed,
When both shall bow to sun and turf,
How will the world be new-endowed!

JAMES W. OWEN.

The Study Table

A Wise Book

In this book* Dr. Wolfe, director of the Mental Hygiene Clinic at the Community Church, New York City, has written one of the best works of popular psychology that we have seen. The author commands a clear, easy and vivid style, is admirably grounded in scientific training and his own professional experience, has a shrewd insight into human nature, is blessed with tolerance and sympathy, and is concerned not with his own cleverness, nor yet with the accumulation and examination of the data of his field, but primarily with the practical purpose of teaching frail, futile, and frightened people how to live. This book is eminently wise in pointing the way to happiness. It is filled with counsels, as compassionate as they are sane, which may be helpful to all, and to some, perhaps to many, may bring actual salvation.

In an admirable chapter, Dr. Wolfe presents the task of living, for human beings at least, as fine art. "The art of being a complete and happy human being," he writes, "may be likened to a process of creative self-sculpture. . . . Our heritage as human beings is the raw material of the fine art of being human. Every man must take this rock and hew out a design for himself. If he succeeds in this task within the time set by nature, he may well consider himself a happy human being." In this "process of creative self-sculpture," man must master "four fundamental wisdoms." First, he must have "knowledge of his material." Secondly, he must be a craftsman—i.e., learn how to modify "raw material into a meaningful design." Thirdly, he must find this design, "the purpose and goal of his art." And lastly, as "the most intangible of these wisdoms, is courage."

The succeeding chapters of the book are a development in theoretical detail and practical application of these four aspects of the author's theme. At the bottom of the whole personal problem, of course, is the question of material. Because of the inevitable limitations of his discussion, Dr. Wolfe confines himself at this point to "purely psychological data." Here he finds the basis of all understanding of human nature in the inferiority complex, which he believes to be universal. "The entire human race suffers from a feeling of inadequacy." He traces the various sources of this inferiority feeling, which produces the fear, ignorance and discouragement which are "the chief enemies to successful self-sculpture." He seeks out the compensations of inherent weakness or defect, which it is the business of the craftsman to produce. "The craftsmanship of life consists in taking stock of one's defects and liabilities, mobilizing them to the best advantage, and converting them into vital assets." This leads to a consideration of the "tools" at our disposal for the fashioning of character and personality. The great question of "goals," true and false, leads to elaborate discussions of neuroses, "nervous breakdowns," homosexuality, "sexual athletics," love and marriage, work, play, suicide, and lastly that "triumph of maturity" which consists in the mastery of techniques to the end of full, happy, and useful living.

Dr. Wolfe is a faithful follower of Alfred Adler in his primal emphasis upon the inferiority complex. He is an Adlerite, also, in his rejection of the Freudian absorption in sex as the be-all and end-all of psychology. He depicts life as presenting not a single but a three-fold task. "There are three groups of problems which every individual must solve in the course of his life. These problems are the problems of society, of work, and of sex. They may be likened to the three great rings of a huge circus, in which every one of us must 'do his act.'" The crown of this three-fold process—the center ring, to use the author's own picturesque figure—is not sex but society. And this leads Dr. Wolfe to the fruitful acceptance of Dr. Adler's supreme ideal of "cooperation." Not in rearing walls to shut us off from men, but in building bridges to unite us with men, is the real secret of existence.

If Dr. Wolfe is a loyal disciple of his master, he is also now a master in his own right. There is originality in this book, creative thinking, brave guidance, and always tender and friendly feeling. Dr. Wolfe proves not only his technical competence but his humane sentiment. He is a physician to the soul. We like his closing words. "The time when it was a disgrace," he writes, "to ask the advice of an expert in mental hygiene is happily gone. Help exists for those who would be helped . . . neither ignorance nor fear is a disgrace. The only sin is to remain ignorant and afraid when knowledge and encouragement are within reach." JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

*"How to Be Happy Though Human," by Dr. W. Beran Wolfe, M. D. Published by Farrar & Rinehart, New York. $3.50.

The Realm of Ideas

The eminent author of this "inquiry concerning the existence of ideas"* finds that it is difficult not only for the serious-minded lay reader but also for the professional philosopher or psychologist to keep clearly in view just what are the real issues involved in the controversy over matter, mind, and knowing which has constantly occupied the pens of savants since the days of Descartes and his *cogito, ergo sum.* Even now, after nearly three centuries of debate, the clash of irreconcilable ideas is as loud as, if not noisier and more vehement than ever.

The "man in the street" is, even if he does not know it, an ardent epistemologist. Every thoughtful person thinks he knows how he knows what he thinks he knows! Human beings are congenital epistemologists. Let the reader who doubts this statement tell the first person with whom he happens to engage in conversation that he has no "mind," no "thoughts," apart from the sheer activity of his cerebral cortex—no comprehending "soul" apart from his brain-cells. He should then be prepared to dodge as quickly as possible.

It is precisely this negation of our possession of body *and* (non-material) soul that has been accepted by a majority of philosophers and psychologists during the past quarter of a century. The recent triumph of Relativity concepts has "changed all that." The pendulum of current thought has to a great extent taken a wide swing in the opposite direction—thanks to the monist Albert Einstein and his dualist disciples. Although Dr. Lovejoy is not committed to the Relativity hypothesis, the professor of philosophy unites with most relativists in being a staunch defender of the older theory of a supersensuous mind.

*"The Revolt Against Dualism," by Arthur O. Lovejoy. Published by the Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago, and W. W. Norton & Co., New York. $4.00.

He regards it as the most curious phenomenon in the history of thought that scholars should have invented a doctrine—called by him "the Hyperdermic Philosophy"—which applies to exalted man, a thinking, reasoning animal, "the biological concepts found sufficient in the study of animals assumed to be non-cognitive." Lovejoy declines, sometimes rather caustically, to believe that "the organic phenomenon of knowing may be exhaustively described in terms of molecular displacements taking place under the skin. He insists that the individual's actual existence, certainly as it appears to himself, "can in only very small part be described as a succession of subcutaneous events," and that "the human animal" does not, as a matter of fact, "for the most part live where the body is—if an organism's life is made up of what it really experiences"; rather, it lives "where the things are of which it is aware, upon which its attention and feeling are directed."

That man is at once a creature of body and mind Dr. Lovejoy attempts to establish as the only reasonable conclusion. This he does in a series of nine lectures, delivered under the auspices of the Paul Carus Foundation. He begins with a penetrating critical analysis of "Cartesian Dualism and Natural Dualism," which is followed by an exposition and critical estimate of "The Revolt and Its Outcome," leading logically to the contemporary schools of philosophy and metaphysics, the so-called "functional" theory of Professor Whitehead being considered first. Two rather severe chapters are then devoted to Bertrand Russell's various attempts to establish a monistic interpretation of mind and matter, of mental processes and knowing. This effort Dr. Lovejoy characterizes as really a dualistic theory of knowledge, despite the fact that Russell has been regarded by many thinkers as a successful exponent of "epistemological monism." It is Lovejoy's contention that both Russell and Whitehead have failed in their attempts, both of these thinkers having remained essentially dualistic in their views in spite of themselves. In the final chapters the systems of Eddington and Broad come under consideration.

A fault common to all three of the writers first named, Whitehead, Russell, and Eddington, says Lovejoy, is the double use of terms, signifying one thing in one place and something else when it suits the author's convenience. (This use of "weasel words" was pointed out also in Henshaw Ward's "Builders of Delusion.") This has been going on ever since the time of Descartes, and is conspicuous in the writings of most of our contemporary authors in the provinces of philosophy, religion, ethics, and, sad to say, pedagogy. Thus the terms "objects" and "events" are employed by Whitehead as "concretely inseparable aspects of the same facts" at one moment, and, on another occasion, as being "sharply antithetic to the other"; a practice indulged in also by both Russell and Eddington. Lovejoy remarks on Whitehead's

custom of speaking of that which is cognized indirectly or inferentially in terms which would ordinarily be regarded as appropriate only to the "objects of immediate appearance." His renunciation of epistemological dualism is only a re-enunciation of it in novel terminology.

The author finds in Whitehead's recent book on "Symbolism" even clearer evidences of the dualistic character of his philosophy than in the earlier works, even though the "doctrine of direct experience of the external world" is still formally expressed; "thus we once more see the 'bifurcation of nature' roundly denounced in the preamble and plainly affirmed in the conclusion."

Professor Lovejoy finds, upon analysis that Bertrand Russell's particular form of psychological monism "is at variance with his epistemological dualism." His attempt to "overcome the divorce between the world of perception and the world of physics only manifests more plainly the irremediable incompatibility between thim." He denies that Russell's theory enables us to conceive of the contents of perception, of memory, etc., as parts of the physical world, or that it renders the fact of knowledge intelligible, or even conceivable. Russell admits that there is a kind of knowledge which remains outside physics. Lovejoy adds that "this will be the entire sphere of mental events as such." The "awareness of the transcendence of the object [of perception], upon which Mr. Russell, when writing as an epistemologist, justly insists, cannot be defined in physical terms."

While no fair-minded reader will deny that Dr. Lovejoy has considerably weakened the very foundations of the dubious monism of both Whitehead and Russell, nevertheless, essential monism escapes virtually unscathed from his keen logical rapier. In demolishing a form of monism based upon the data of physics, essential materialistic philosophy and psychology remain untouched, and the author's criticisms may appear victorious in crushing monism only for want of more consistent antagonists. Physics, as such, whether classical or relativist, does not afford an adequate basis for a materialistic or monistic interpretation of life and mental processes—of "knowing." A naturalistic psychology, or epistemology, can be sustained only within the broader province of biology, which comprehends whatever is of value to the argument in the provinces of physics and chemistry. Man is not a mere aggregation of electrons and molecules, but an organization of living cells, each cell possessing an age-old inheritance. Mathematicians and physicists appear at a much better advantage when functioning within their own field.

These qualifying reflections, however, are not intended to detract from the amazing skill with which Dr. Lovejoy meets the arguments of able writers, to whose views he is opposed. So competent and thorough-going a discussion of current theories was long over-due, and it provides a much-needed corrective of conclusions not always logically drawn, and too often based upon inadequate and inept data.

MAYNARD SHIPLEY.

Two Nuns on a Railroad Car

(Boston to Lawrence)

Oh faces waxy-pale as sacred candles
Blessing the head and foot of some black coffin,
Perhaps scarce worthy to unloose your sandals
I nonetheless have wondered often and often
Whether some striker, fearless, half-obscene
Of tongue, were not as near of kin to that
Young Jewish girl of fierce ecstatic mien
Who sang the terrible *Magnificat*.

KENNETH W. PORTER

Correspondence

Must the Church Become Socialistic?

Editor of UNITY:

It is with interest that I read in UNITY Mr. Nathan Essell's review of my book "Religion in a Changing World." Its interest for me lay not in its intemperate style, (a style to which theologians are fairly well accustomed) but in its relentless attitude toward the liberal in economics.

Mr. Essell's ultimatum is clear and absolute. The church must become socialistic or it will perish. This refrain is being taken up by not a few of the younger men in the ministry, some of them in complete sincerity, others because it is now the dashing thing to do. As long as parliamentary socialism was the ultimate expression of radicalism in American economic thought the progressive clergymen indulged in the cautious daring of being a Liberal. Now that Bolshevism is the ultimate and fearful fact, he may indulge in a moderate, petty, bourgeois socialism without seriously compromising himself. For the socialism of the Norman Thomas brand is now quite "safe," even for a clergyman. It is really too late in the day to call a clergyman who turns socialist, a prophet. . .

It is amusing to note that as soon as a liberal turns socialist he employes the same vehement and hysterical language in characterizing his erstwhile colleagues as the Bolshevik employes in characterizing the "right" and "centre" socialist.

Mr. Essell calls my liberalism and all liberalism "dull balderdash," and "romanticism." Lenin said of the "centre" socialists (Cheidse, Tseretelli, Kautsky, Haase, Morris Hillquit, etc.): "The centre Socialism is the heaven of petty bourgeois phrases, of lip internationalism, of cowardly opportunism, of compromise with the social-patriots. . . The members of the centre group are routine worshippers, eaten up by the gangrene of legality, corrupted by the parliamentary comedy, bureaucrats accustomed to nice sinecures and steady jobs." Lenin jeered at their "atrophied Marxism." He put Victor Berger in the category of the class-enemies of socialism. Mr. Essell calls my writing "flowing, fluid oratory." Lenin spoke of "the uncontrolled phrasemongery" of the Social-Revolutionists and the "babbling" of the left Mensheviki.

All of which prompts me to ask Mr. Essell one or two questions for the sake of clarity.

With what form of socialism should organized religion identify itself? With parliamentary socialism, whose exponents have been described by the real, "business-like" socialists of Russia, as "miserable masters of the phrase and poltroons in action" and who are charged with being not only ineffectual but the greatest obstacles in the way of socialism? Or with the socialism of the class-struggle, the proletarian revolution and dictatorship?

If the church is to cast in its lot with Marxian Socialism what becomes of the man who still believes in liberalism as a way of life and social progress? Is there no place for him in Mr. Essell's Kingdom? What of the man who believes with Mr. John Maynard Keynes:

> "On the economic side I can not perceive that Russian Communism has made any contribution to our economic problems of intellectual interest or scientific value. I do not think that it contains or is likely to contain any piece of useful economic technique which we could not apply, if we chose, with equal or greater success in a society which retained all the marks, I will not say of nineteenth-century individualistic capitalism, but of British bourgeois ideals. . .
>
> "How can I accept a doctrine which sets up as its Bible, above and beyond criticism, an obsolete economic textbook which I know to be not only scientifically erroneous but without interest or application for the modern world."

Again, what of the man who though realizing that socialism is inevitable, still is not persuaded of all of its glamorous apocalyptic vaticinations, who suspects that life will have its tragic maladjustments and inequalities even then, and who wishes to keep religion free to function as critic rather than as apologist of a future socialist regime?

What of the man who believes that religion should keep itself "free from the shackles which in the past have tied it to the organism of the State" (page 91 of my "Religion in a Changing World"), to Nationalism (page 90) or to any given economic system (page 60) but should rather function as the eternal "opposition," the everlasting critic and censor of society (page 91) which at no stage in its development ever reaches the ideal?

ABBA HILLEL SILVER.

"American Religion: Whither Bound?"

Editor of UNITY:

The current issue of UNITY contains an article, entitled, "American Religion: Whither Bound?" which I think to be worth at least the price of five years subscription certainly, therefore, I must pay a subscription for the year 1932, and I am adding to the amount $2.00 for which please send me twenty copies of this issue, February 29th.

Every good wish for all to whom we are indebted for the great religious journal, UNITY, and many thanks to Mr. Palmer for this article. WM. M. BROWN

Two Typical Notes

I

Editor of UNITY:

We have only praise for your publication, UNITY, and enjoyed reading every word of it.

Kindly discontinue the paper for the present, as we are in the same boat as many of our brothers, short of the necessary funds. C. D. S.

II

Editor of UNITY:

Of all the multitude of papers that come to my notice, the UNITY is one of the most enjoyable. I get it only when Mr. M, whose secretary I am, loans me his copy. I should long ago have subscribed were it not that limited means prevent the indulgence of tastes above the necessitous, except in that rare instance whose advent is hailed with joy.

I have just finished reading the January 18th issue and am still thrilling to it, particularly to Rabbi Newman's masterly exposition of a much-to-be-regretted controversial subject. Being a Jew born and bred, although wholly without fundamentalist shackles, I appreciated it immensely and want a copy for my scrap-book. To that end am enclosing the proper sum in stamps for a copy, with the fervent hope that I can soon afford to subscribe.

St. Louis, Mo. D. D. S.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 50)

tain be afraid? Listen to these words:

"We have the conviction that the only infallible way to the solution of the problem of the organization of peace, the problem of the averting of war, the problem of assuring security to all nations, is the way of general and total disarmament. Total and general disarmament is the only effective guarantee against war."

In this address, the same view was re-emphasized over and over, e. g.:

"Security against war must be created. This security against war can never be achieved by roundabout ways, but only by the direct way of total general disarmament."

What irony that such words were not uttered by Christian America and Britain! God generally travels incognito.

4. *Germany.* When this great nation spoke, did she ask for reduction? Nay, but for "general disarmament which would strengthen security" . . . "the German people ask that their own disarmament be followed by general disarmament, for general disarmament only will create for all an equal measure of security."

This is also the voice of Austria, Bulgaria and Hungary.

Think you that these nations "were *sinners above all* others, because they have suffered? I tell you nay: but *except ye repent,* ye shall *in like manner perish!*"

5. *Italy.* Here is the Voice of Italy: "Two essential points of Italian policy are: equality of rights between all states; and the equalization of armaments at the lowest levels." And again, "The strongest States should be the first to renounce those means that serve essentially for a war of aggression." Italy would follow

any lead in total disarmament set by Britain and America.

6. *Spain.* Once "proud mistress" of the seas! Hear her speaking, with the wisdom of experience: "Today war has no justification. Impartial in its absurdity, it punishes with equal severity the conquered and the conqueror, and ends by bringing both together in a common distress. . . We are wasting time when we endeavor to render war tolerable and in so doing weaken the means of disarmament. . . No, it is not chemical, aerial or submarine war which we are out to abolish but war as such."

Under the lead of America and Britain, Spain would vote for total disarmament now, with both hands!

7. *Turkey, Norway, Portugal.* Who that heard the voices of Turkey, of Norway, of Portugal—in succession—can doubt that under the impulse of Britain and America these would fall into line, amidst the acclamations of their peoples, cheering for total disarmament?

8. *Argentine.* What a noble story of peace-making between Argentine and Chile! And, this spirit of good will has spread over all South America. Who can doubt that all the republics of South America would vote for total disarmament, if the United States led off!

9. *Canada.* Already disarmed for all practical purposes. A tip from the "mother-country" only would be necessary to complete the job. And, *Australia*—were you listening, Mother Britain, when the big Australian was telling the story of 60,000 dead in Europe and Egypt, fighting Turks—for what they did not know! They were needed to build up the young Commonwealth, below the Equator. These two countries would follow the lead of the "mother-country" if she led the way.

10. *France and Japan.* Here you are doubtful. Doubt not. France has often risen to great heights in ways of freedom and peace. Nothing her people desire more than peace. Let Britain and America prove their sincerity for total disarmament—France might get ahead of them, as in tennis. And *Japan*—gone momentarily under a cloud; but if America and Britain took a real lead, she would, I feel certain, come through with distinction. Let the nation that is without sin cast the first stone!

Roll-Call. Call the roll of nations from A to Y—the majority of them would show their hands as in favor of total disarmament now—*provided* Britain and America led off. On second vote, the minority would be scurrying to come in out of the rain. This would solve every vexed problem around the question of disarmament, such as security or disarmament first. The Draft Convention could go into the waste-basket, and the League of Nations Palace (to be) would become a Peace-House, for international celebrations!

The job of complete total disarmament could be done in a year—for the operation on the defeated powers was accomplished, the most of it, in 90 days! Mankind could thereupon give themselves up to a Year of Jubilee!

Two Things—and here I respectfully address King George and President Hoover—heads of the governments of Britain and America—I place the responsibility upon you and your governments, in the Anglo-Saxon world. First, are you willing to lead? Any measure short of total disarmament is an enemy to peace! The people will not be satisfied by slight reduction of armament. They demand that a way be found to put an end to war. No measure, no formula is sufficient except total disarmament, entered upon at once and carried speedily through. Second, the responsibility rests upon Britain and America! It is imperative that it be done at once. It would be fatal to provide for other conferences, and still other conferences! Situations change like the sifting sands. This is the opportunity—never to return. As says our prophet Lowell:

"Once to every man and nation comes
the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood,
for the good or evil side;
. . . . . .
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt
that darkness and that light."

"We see dimly in the present what is
small and what is great,
Slow of faith how weak an arm may
turn the iron helm of fate,
But the soul is still oracular; amid the
market's din,
List the omnious stern whisper from the
Delphic cave within—
'They enslave their children's children
who make compromise with sin.'"

Britain and America! There is no hope for world-peace, until you disarm, totally. The biggest must lead off! That is the divine order. Disobedience to that order will issue in war, more war—then world disaster.

SYDNEY STRONG

Geneva, Switzerland

No War Spirit Here!

From Hornell, New York, comes word of a remarkable and heartening refusal by World War veterans to be stampeded into service in another war. On February 3 a special meeting of former soldiers was held in the state armory at Hornell. Two hundred veterans attended. They were informed that, on instructions from Major-General William N. Haskell, commanding the 27th division of the New York National Guard, enrollment was being made of World War veterans who would agree to hold themselves "ready for instant service in case of emergency." Officers of the National Guard and of veterans' organizations exhorted the veterans to sign this pledge. Whereupon, if the newspapers are to be believed, pandemonium broke out. "Put the proposition before the senators, congressmen and millionaires and ask them what they're going to do about it," one veteran shouted, while the rest cheered. Finally, a bare dozen signed the enrollment lists, while the rest resoundingly approved the statement of one spokesman that, having learned what war is like, they would "never fight again unless the country is attacked or our homes endangered." In the present mood of excitement engendered by the fighting in the far east, with its apparent threat to American interests, it is encouraging to discover that the veterans of the last war are keeping their heads. But why, it may be asked, has the army taken it upon itself to begin this business of emergency enrollments? Is that the army's way of trying to nudge the nation toward a belief that an emergency exists?

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